THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away—
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go—
The blight of the shadow hunter
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear
That lay for miles between me
And the camp for which we steer.

'Twas silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude.

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I—"Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snowshoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Not far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me
In a capuchin of gray.

Bending upon the snowshoes
With a long and limber stride,
And I hailed the dusky stranger
As we traveled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the shadow hunter passed.

And the otter trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which it lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter,
And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is falling low—
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLE.

DR. HOKNAGEL'S STRANGE STORY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

The doctor, with his immense shaggy head, glowing eyes deep-set and small, thin body, was an extraordinary object at the best of times. But, as he sat there in his rich and gloomy study, with a hanging-lamp throwing its light down on his shock of grizzled hair, and casting cavernous shadows from his beetling brows, beneath which those eyes of his gave forth a red sparkle; and his big irregular nose dividing his visage like a spur of a mountain between two valleys; and the lips of his great grim mouth working and puckering as he sucked at his black pipe—as he sat there in his high-backed oaken chair, beside a table piled up with rare and ancient books, and strange ornaments from China and India, and with a small but finely-formed skull carefully mounted on an ebony stand, and so placed that it had the air of whispering in his ear—as he sat there, I say, he looked less like an ordinary man than like a wizard of the Dark Ages, or even like one of the demons that such wizards were wont to evoke.

Of course, as every one knows, Doctor Hoknagel is nothing of the kind; for though he probably knows more than all the wizards of antiquity put together, he is at the same time one of the best and kindest-hearted of men—if common report be worth anything. But that fairy-like body—the contrast between it and the head is certainly very singular. An ogre and an elf combined to form a man—that is how you would describe him. His hands are like a woman's, white, small and beautifully shaped; and he wore on one of his fingers a costly sapphire ring, such as a lady might wear.

We had been discussing the skull.

"It is a woman's, then?" said I.

"Yes; and a very lovely woman she was, too," replied Dr. Hoknagel, in his deep but exquisitely modulated tones.

"Can you judge from the skull of the beauty of the face?" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps not; at any rate, I do not in this case."

"Do you mean to say you actually knew her?" I demanded, with a chill of the nerves. Even the most benevolent doctors will sometimed do odd things that make ordinary person's flesh creep.

"Well, at all events I know she was a beauty," said he. And after puffing at his pipe a while, he continued: "it's a curious story, and you might as well hear it. You remember Daventry?"

"Not Daventry who married Miss Salton, stall, the heiress, and went mad?"

"That's the man—Edward Daventry. My specialty is mental diseases, you know, and I signed the order committing him to the asylum. That was ten years ago. He died last week."

"Only last week! I had supposed him dead for years."

"Death is a name applied indiscriminately to several different phenomena. Now you know Daventry who married Miss Saltonstall; but I knew him before that event—long before. And I happen to know that Miss Saltonstall was not the first lady—"

"Ah! An earlier romance! Do let me hear about it."

"There is not much to that. There was a girl—let us call her Francesca: her family name does now concern us. She was a lovely creature, of a style quite unlike Miss Saltonstall. Daventry was then barely twenty; she, a year or two younger. She loved him with all her heart. He—well, he conceived a passion for her. It was understood—she understood—that they were to be married. But she took too much for granted, and granted too much. You know the way of the world. There are times when the woman is as much to blame as the man. All I will say is, that this was not one of those times. Daventry was then a young fellow in a country town, with no prospects in particular. An unexpected circumstance gave him a good opportunity to enter business in New York, and he went, leaving Francesca behind. Well, it had to be! And within a year he had the satisfaction, such as it was, of hearing that she was dead."

How the doctor's eyes did glow! He looked terrible at that moment.

"Daventry had, I believe, already made the acquaintance of Miss Saltonstall, and it was not long before they were openly engaged to be married. There was no ambiguity about the arrangement. You may suppose, if you like, that Daventry was really in love this time. At all events, he acted as if he were. He hardly ever let the girl out of his sight. She couldn't complain of lack of devotion. They were married—a great wedding. You remember it. A handsome couple. All New York looking on. All the girls envying her; all the young fellows him. So off they went on their honeymoon."

The doctor sucked hard and fast at his black pipe, until he, and the little white skull, and the pile of antique volumes were all enveloped in a gray mist of smoke.

"Daventry became proverbial for work. Everything he took hold of went well. His wife had a million to her dowery, so there was no need for him to work; but he did work, and it was thought greatly to his credit that he did so. He went into all sorts of schemes; they all turned to gold as soon as he touched them. He kept a fine house in town, another at the seaside, another in California. He and his wife were always on the top in society, always stirring, always entertaining; and yet Daventry never lost his grip on any of his schemes. People said there never was such a man; wonderful head! astonishing genius! They had no children—children are hardly fashionable—but people sometimes ask where all these millions were going. Never mind; they kept piling up—railroads, telegraphs, coal, iron, silver—all contributing to make Daventry rich. No skeleton in his closet; no room for one—too full of gold! Lucky man! happy man, Daventry!—devilish happy!"

Here the doctor paused and wreathed his great lips into so sardonic a grin, at the same time gathering his shaggy brows together in a frown so portentous, that I really felt uneasy.

"The happiest men sometimes make mistakes. Daventry made one—he overworked himself. One day he came to consult me. I examined him; told him to let up. He said he couldn't. I asked him if he wanted softening of the brain. That startled him—threw him off his guard. He began to talk about himself; said he was the most miserable wretch on earth. Hated his wife; she hated him. Fought together like a couple of scorpions. No children, no peace, no rest. Wanted to kill her, and himself, but was afraid to die. I asked him why? He gave me a look—a ghastly look—and went out.

"The seventh anniversary of their wedding came round. To show how happy they were they arranged to give a great reception and ball. Such preparations were never known. Invitations were sent out two months in advance. Preparations going on in the house for three weeks. It was in winter, but the halls, staircases and rooms were smothered in flowers. For supper, all the things nicest to eat and drink, and hardest to get. Favors for the dance cost enough to buy a city lot—gold, silver and diamonds. Eight hundred people came; the best in New York, and only the best. Until 12 o'clock Daventry and his wife stood under a great marriage bell of their guests. There they stood, smiling, bowing and shaking hands, the type and example of blessed and prosperous wedlock. Ah! a fine sight!

"After midnight they left their place and mingled with the guests. It was like a fairy palace,—everywhere perfume, color, sparkle, beauty, music. They say, so many beautiful women were never before seen together in New York. Daventry was fond of beautiful women. He went about chatting and laughing first with one and then with another. Everybody remarked how uncommonly well he looked. I was there; he came up to me; I looked at him. 'Well, Doctor!' he said, smiling. I put one finger to my forehead—so! and shook my head. He understood; his lips got pale, and he glared at me. A few minutes afterwards I saw him at the table, drinking champagne.

"As he turned away from the table he saw a lady sitting in a window-seat, partly concealed by lace curtains. She was alone. He went up to her. She was the most beautiful woman of the evening; but he couldn't recall who she was. And yet there was something familiar in her face—familiar as a strain of music that you recognize, but cannot place. Now he thought he remembered—then, again, the name just escaped him. He asked her to take a glass of wine—'Yes,' she said, 'with you!'"

The manner in which Dr. Hoknagel gave the ensuing dialogue amazed me. No trained actor could have done it better. His marvelous voice accommodated itself to every intonation. Closing my eyes, I could have believed that the speakers stood before me.

"He brought the wine, and she received the glass from him. Her voice, when she spoke, had gone to his heart. Surely he had heard it before! Where? Where? How lovely she was! Her dress, too, was exquisite, white, soft, voluptuous. The arms and figure of a young goddess. Diamonds on her bosom; in her hair a spray of heliotrope. That flower had been his favorite—before he married! He had associations with it. He felt his face burn. He bent down toward her.

"'I fear you have been having a dull evening,' he said. 'Did you come late?'

"'Yes; I am but just arrived. I came only to see you:'

"He felt his heart beat at those caressing words.

"'The night would have been a blank to me if you had not been here.'

"She smiled—a strange smile. 'Truly? I thought you had forgotten me.'

"'How could any one ever forget you? But it is some time since we met.'

"'Yes, indeed—a long time. But this is your wedding anniversary. See, I bear you no ill will! Let us drink to it!'

"She lifted her glass to her lips. On her finger he caught the sparkle of a ring—an amethyst. His hand shook so that his wine was spilled. He knew that ring! 'Where did you get that amethyst?'

"'Surely, you ought to know! Then I am forgotten! It was you who gave it, Edward.'

"He sat down beside her on the window seat; he had no strength to stand. They were concealed by the lace curtains. He stared in her face, trembling. Yes, it was she; there could be no mistake. 'Francesca!'

"'Ah, at last!' she said, laughing softly. 'But why do you stare so at me?'

"'I heard you were dead—dead, years and years ago!'

"'Oh, I am alive! I am all life. I have been in foreign countries. But I have not forgotten those old days of ours, Edward. How sweet they were! Have you been happy since?'

"'The happiness of lost souls! This is my first happy moment. Is it real? You have changed, Francesca. You were never so beautiful as this. Have you come to taunt me?'

"'I am Francesca—your Francesca,' she said. 'But other changes have, indeed, come to me. I am no longer a girl. I have wealth and power.' She leaned toward him, fragrant and irresistible. 'Edward do you care for me still?' she whispered.

"His self-control forsook him. 'I would give my soul for you!' he said.

"What a look—what a smile she gave him! 'Come with me, then,' said she. 'Come to my home; we cannot talk here. There, no one will interrupt us. Come, Edward!'

"He hesitated. 'My guests will expect you know I am—'

"She laid her soft fingers on his hand.

"'Never mind them. What are they to us? Let this be the proof that you care for me—to leave them and come with me. Are you afraid?'

"He rose to his feet.

"'Let us go,' he said.

"He was reckless. But the dining saloon was now empty. The guests had gone to the drawing rooms and the bands were playing a waltz. How the music sang and throbbed! They passed out into the hall unnoticed. No one seemed to heed them. Francesca was now enveloped in a long pearl-gray cloak, lined with swan's-down. He had his hat and coat. Her hand was on his arm. They descended the stairs, treading on roses. The door opened before them, and they went out. Her carriage stood at the bottom of the steps. Snow was falling; but, in a moment, they were seated side by side in the carriage, where it was warm and perfumed. Edward Daventry could have believed himself in heaven. He felt the gentle touch of her arm and shoulder. He saw the darkness of her eyes and hair, the pure bloom of her face.

"He loved, she loved him; what was the world compared to that? The carriage rolled along swiftly, on easy springs. They were leaving all things—all care and trouble—behind. He bent to kiss her cheek; but she put up her hand with tenderest coquetry.

"'Not yet, Edward,' she murmured. 'Wait! wait!'

"At length the carriage stopped; they were at her home. They alighted; he followed her up the steps, and into the softly-lighted hall. As the door closed behind them, she turned to smile on him—a smile of love and invitation. She went on into an inner room, pushing aside the heavy curtains that hung in the doorway. Here all was warm, sumptuous, luxurious, softly lighted. In the middle of the room she turned upon him with an enchanting gesture.

"'Now—the kiss?' she said.

"His lips were almost on hers. Suddenly she lifted her two hands to the sides of her face, and her whole face seemed to come away, as one removes a mask. Beneath was disclosed a bare, grinning skull, with fragments of earth and mold clinging to it. A cold, damp scent of death emanated from it. Something seemed to burst in Daventry's head. He uttered an awful scream, and fell to the floor senseless."

The doctor stopped and re-lit his pipe. My eyes fell on the skull beside him.

"What does this mean?" I faltered. "Is that all?"

"A mere hallucination, of course," said the doctor, chuckling. "Daventry s brain had given way on that evening, as I had warned him it would. He imagined he saw this woman, and he followed the spectre into the street. An odd coincidence, by the way: he was found the next morning nearly frozen to death, and quite mad—where, do you suppose?"

"Where?" said I, shuddering.

"Why, in a deserted house on the other side of the Harlem, which had previously been occupied by this same Francesca. How he got there nobody knows. But he raved about this hallucination for years afterwards; and when he died, the other day, he shrieked out with his last breath that he was being kissed by a skull."

"Who was Francesca?" I asked.

"Why do you ask? That is her skull. And this ring of mine is her ring. What does a name matter? It is only within the last fifteen years or so that I have borne my present name. I was married some forty years since. I lost my wife early. She left me a daughter, but she died, too, when she was about 19 years old. Have a glass of wine."
—New York Ledger.

FOR AN OLD CRIME.

Three Kansans Arrested in Colorado for Offenses Committed in 1887.

DENVER, Nov. 28.—United States Marshal Hill, of Colorado, has arrested J. B. Feager and F. E. Isor, two of the principal actors in the bloody county seat war in Stephens county, Kansas, July, 1887, in which sheriff Cross and four deputies were killed on one side and three of Feager's men on the other. Feager has been here some time working as a painter. He was arrested in North Denver, Monday. Isor was arrested in Pueblo Wednesday, and their arrest kept secret until to-day, when they were arraigned before United States Commissioner Brazee. A third party has been arrested in a small town near Pueblo. and will be brought here to-night, and to-morrow all three will be turned over to the Kansas authorities for trial